



Heavy Thoughts and Stargazing by TragicBlackButterfly

Category: It

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Eddie K., Richie T.

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-04 21:24:46

Updated: 2017-10-04 21:24:46

Packaged: 2019-12-12 01:47:01

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,419

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Richie always liked loud, engaging activities. Arcades. Movies. But stargazing? What made matters worse was that Richie had barely said anything. Eddie hadn't even realized that Richie knew how to close his mouth, let alone keep it that way." Eddie Kaspbrak has three problems, and Richie Tozier's one of them. Eddie/Richie, Reddie, slash.

Heavy Thoughts and Stargazing

If an outsider saw them, they would just see two boys spread out on a blanket under the stars out in one of Derry's empty fields. Their bikes were behind them, one stood up and parked with care and the other sitting casually on the the ground, one of the wheels still turning slightly in the late spring wind.

Eddie Kaspbrak knew better, though. There were several things wrong with the situation, and he listed them off in his head in the silence.

First off, they were on the *ground*. He hadn't thought about germs in a long time-which was a lie he liked to tell the other Losers-but just the thought of all those bugs... the *bacteria*.... He shivered involuntarily and zipped up his jacket. At least he had a blanket to lay on and didn't have to sit in the dirt and wonder what was crawling all over him.

Second, spring may have been ending, but that didn't mean that he couldn't get sick from this pre-summer weather. He sniffled, probably imagining the congestion in his nose, and thought about the allergy pills his mom always kept in the bathroom cabinet. He could always take one when he got home, but would that be too late? Would the tiny spores in the air have infected his already delicate system by then and force him to spend the rest of his senior year with a runny nose and a scratchy throat?

Eddie closed his eyes and took a deep breath. His system wasn't delicate. He was a perfectly normal boy. He didn't even *take* the pills his mother handed him anymore. He didn't even *carry* his inhaler anymore. What was the point, when it was all bullshit?

Besides, Richie always kept a spare in his back pocket, just to be on the safe side.

That was Eddie's third, final, and most worrisome problem. Richie the Trashmouth Tozier, one of Eddie's best friends and fellow member of the Loser's Club. When Richie asked him to go stargazing, Eddie had been pretty sure he'd heard him wrong. Richie had never

shown an interest in stars before (Eddie hadn't either, so he wasn't sure why Richie would want to invite him, of all people), and the activity just seemed a little... quiet for the Trashmouth.

Richie always liked loud, engaging activities. Arcades. Movies. But stargazing?

What made matters worse was that Richie had barely said *anything*. Eddie hadn't even realized that Richie knew how to *close* his mouth, let alone *keep* it that way. He'd barely acknowledged Eddie at all, content to pillow his arms behind his head and stare up at the sky like it was the most interesting thing ever.

If there was anything worse than a Loud Richie, it was a Quiet Richie. Eddie couldn't help the spike of panic he felt as he wondered what might be wrong with his friend. Was he having problems at home? Richie didn't have what one might call *attentive* parents, so he had spent most of their high school years throwing pebbles at Eddie's window and asking to spend the night. That wasn't usually enough to make him quiet, though.

Eddie stiffened a bit. Maybe he'd seen *It*? No, that was impossible. It was dead or gone or something. Whatever the case, *It* wasn't there anymore. They were safe.

For now, a small part of his mind reminded him, and he subconsciously traced a finger over the faded scar in his palm where a line had been made. A promise.

Richie would've said something, unless he didn't want to worry Eddie. Eddie *did* have a history of overreacting, but he could handle himself all right. Well enough that Richie should know he could talk to him.

Eddie glanced over at his friend. Richie had exchanged his coke-bottle glasses for contacts, which suited him really well. Without the glasses in the way, Richie was pretty damn attractive, which he liked to brag about as much as he could to the Losers. He joked he scored more than Bev once he ditched the glasses, and usually Eddie would tune out for the rest of the conversation. Something about Richie *scoring* didn't sit well with him. It upset his stomach and made his

heart hurt, and he'd yet to find the right pill to fix it.

A deep, inner nagging knew what it was, but every time the thought would squirm to the surface, Eddie shoved it back down, not ready to address those not-so-platonic feelings yet or if he ever would be. What would his mother say? His friends? *Richie*?

"I know I'm the hottest star out here, Eds, but why don't you take a picture? It'll last longer." Richie hadn't looked at him yet, but Eddie could see the corners of his mouth turning up in his signature smirk.

Eddie cringed at the overused joke and instead opted for, "Don't call me that." Force of habit now. He had to keep up the facade, otherwise Richie might realize how all those stupid nicknames made Eddie's heart flutter weirdly and figure out his secret.

With a shake of his head, Eddie frowned over at the Trashmouth. "Are you okay? You've been pretty quiet tonight."

"Yeah," Richie replied nonchalantly, though his light tone suggested otherwise, "just thinkin'."

"About what?"

Richie finally turned his head to grin at Eddie and winked devilishly. "Your mom."

Eddie groaned and rolled his eyes. "*Richie*-"

"Don't take it the wrong way or anything, but she would've been my first choice for this romantic escapade. I just didn't want you to get jealous," Richie continued, still wearing that teasing smile, and Eddie struggled with whether he wanted to *punch* that look off his face or *kiss* it off.

"Beep beep, Richie," he muttered irritably.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. First you want me to talk, and now you want me to shut the fuck up. I'm getting mixed signals here, Eddie Spaghetti." Looking put out, Richie sighed and cast his forlorn gaze back up to the sky.

"I was just worried about you, all right? Forget I asked." With a frustrated huff, Eddie looked up at the stars, too. He kinda wished he'd paid more attention in science; then he might've actually known what he was looking at. Maybe Richie should've invited Ben or Stan or somebody else to go stargazing and not Eddie.

"Aw, Eds, don't be like that! I'm just all heavy thoughts tonight, that's all." Richie reached over to ruffle Eddie's hair, and he tried and failed to smack his hand away in time. Richie was all long limbs now, and he never skipped out on an opportunity to use that to his advantage when it came to Eddie.

Eddie had grown, too, but he'd remained relatively small. The perfect height for Richie to sling his arm over Eddie's shoulder and invade his privacy. Not that Eddie minded anymore. Not that he ever did. Richie didn't need to know that. He could do without the endless teasing from the Trashmouth.

"Cut it out, shithead," Eddie grumbled as Richie pulled his hand back with a snicker. "What's wrong, are you running out of jokes about my mom? Guess you'll need to come up with actual material now."

"Nah, don't worry, my arsenal's full," Richie disagreed, but his smirk had started to fall. Eddie sat up on his elbows, that pang of concern piercing through his gut again.

"Is it... It?" he asked, voiced hushed as if the very name could conjure up the clown itself. He shivered again, feeling his heart pick up as familiar panic began to set in. When Richie reached over this time, it was to squeeze Eddie's shoulder and fix him with a reassuring smile.

"Fuck, no, it's not that! That shit's dead and buried. Less deep." When Eddie only scrunched up his face in confusion, Richie sighed and gave in. "We're graduating soon."

"You're thinking about *that*?" Eddie repeated, amazed. Of all the Losers, Richie always seemed the least worried about where the future planned to take him. He had his Voices and his jokes, and he'd decided to make a living off them in LA. Far away from Derry, never to look back.

Eddie wanted to leave, too, he just hadn't broken the news to his mother yet. He didn't even know where he would go. He just knew he wanted to shake the shackles of that rancid town; he didn't care where. That was how they all felt, but the thought of them scattering to the four winds didn't sit well with Eddie. Separating was dangerous; hadn't they learned that the hard way?

"I'm just havin' some thoughts about things," Richie defended, shrugging. "There's something I'm not so sure about, so I wanted to make a wish for it to work out. You know, like the shit they do in the movies."

"You're looking for a shooting star?" Eddie couldn't keep the disbelief out of his voice. When Richie shrugged again, and refused to look at him, he added, "You know that's bullshit, right?"

"It was worth a shot, all right? I know it's fucking stupid, but I can't figure out what the hell else to do. You know, your mom doesn't nag me like this. Then again, she's usually caught up with these sweet lips." Richie made puckering noises at him, leaning closer to kiss his cheek, but Eddie shoved him away.

"Richie!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Beep beep Richie. Fuck!" Richie sprawled out on his back again, glaring up at the sky like it had offended him. "I knew this was a stupid fucking idea."

"Of course it was," Eddie replied, not bothering to sugar coat it, even when Richie glared at him. "You can't rely on a star to make things work out for you. If you wanna do something, then do it, Richie. Make shit happen yourself."

"You really mean that, Eds?" Richie had turned back to him, and the intense heat he found his gaze made Eddie's heart speed up. He'd always wondered what it would feel like to have Richie stare at him like that, but it was far more overwhelming than Eddie could have ever imagined. He swallowed around a lump in his throat and nodded.

"W-well, yeah," he managed to squeak, nodding nervously. Something

about the way Richie was looking at him had his stomach in knots.

"Aw, Eds," Richie sighed, and then he was leaning over Eddie, propping himself up with one hand. Eddie stared up at him, mesmerized more by his best friend than the stars glittering behind him. "You always know the right thing to say, my boy. You really fucking do. But what if I make this shit happen, and it all blows up in my face? What if I ruin everything just to take a fucking chance?"

Eddie could hardly breathe. Richie's eyes were fixed on him so soundly, so focused, he didn't know what to do. But then Richie's eyes flickered down momentarily, and he suddenly realized what this was all about. His heart beat faster, almost painfully, but it was a good kind of pain. The kind of pain Eddie had been wanting to feel for *years*.

"I still think you should go for it." He raised a hand to rest of Richie's shoulder, and the touch seemed to jolt the taller boy out of his reverie. A breath passed between them where Richie just stared at him, his expression an unusual mixture of fear and uncertainty. He hadn't seen an expression like that since the clown, and even then, Richie had been pretty good at hiding it.

Then Richie grinned, nerves falling away in a split second, and began to bend down. "Just remember you said that, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Don't call th-mph!" The words died on his lips, silenced by Richie's mouth finally descending and pressing against his own.

For a moment, all Eddie could think about were all the germs and diseases he could get from the Trashmouth. All those fears bled away the moment he realized he didn't give a fuck. Here he was, kissing the boy he'd wanted to kiss since middle school, kissing *Richie*, and all he could think about was kissing him back. He didn't even care that he tasted like cigarettes.

Eddie wrapped his arms around Richie's neck to pull him down closer, fingers digging into dark hair, comfortable with Richie's weight on top of him. A knee slipped in between his own, a hand appeared on his waist, and Eddie never wanted the moment to end.

"Took you long enough to make a move, Tozier," he teased, unable to keep from smiling as Richie bent to pepper kisses all along his throat.

"I didn't hear you saying anything either, Kaspbrak," Richie reminded, nuzzling Eddie's nose with his own. Eddie chuckled, having no response but to pull Richie down for another kiss that was more teeth and tongue and just as deliciously sweet. Eddie could taste a question there, an invitation, a desire so strong that words weren't needed to ask it. He knew what had been bothering Richie now, could feel it in the almost possessive way he held Eddie, in the way he trailed demanding kisses down Eddie's throat.

Richie Tozier never did anything halfway. So when he whispered, "*Come to LA with me?*" against Eddie's skin, he could only nod. He didn't even think twice about it. Separating was dangerous, and there was nobody he would rather be stuck with than Richie.

The taller boy laughed, all relief, and kissed him silly, releasing him only when Eddie panted for breath. Richie regarded him then, eyes twinkling in the starlight. He bent to kiss along Eddie's jaw, humming thoughtfully. Eddie raised an eyebrow at him.

"What is it?"

And he was rewarded with that trademark Trashmmmouth smirk he equally loved and hated. "Better thank kissin' your mom."